

GOLD  
KEY

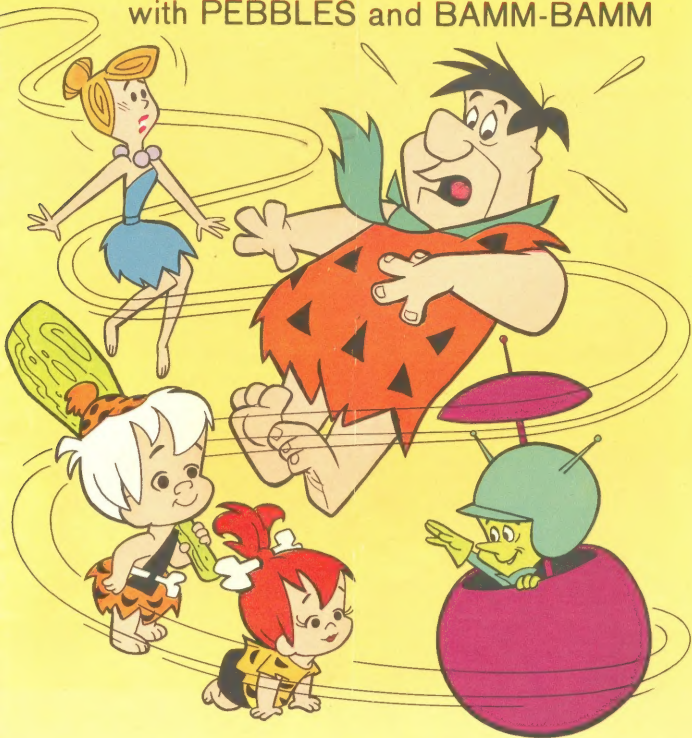
THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMB-BAMB



WITH A BLIP, BLAM, BLOO COMES THE GREAT GAZOO!

Hanna-Barbera

# A Flintstone Funny

HEY, FRED! WHILE THE KIDS  
RIDE THE MERRY-GO-ROUND LET'S  
GO ON THAT NEW RIDE!

WELL, OKAY, BUT  
I DON'T LIKE THE  
LOOKS OF IT,  
BARNEY!

THE  
WHIP 10¢



SEE?  
WE'RE JUST  
GOING AROUND  
IN CIRCLES!  
NOTHING  
TO IT!



UH-OH! HANG ON...

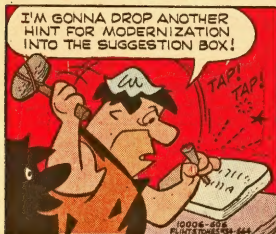


...HIS NECK  
IS ABOUT TO  
UNWIND!



Hanna-Barbera  
**THE FLINTSTONES**

# THE GREAT GAZOO



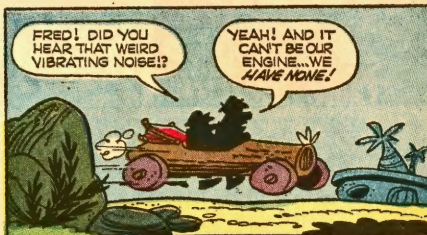
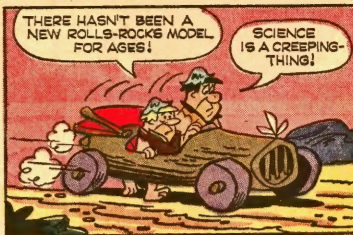
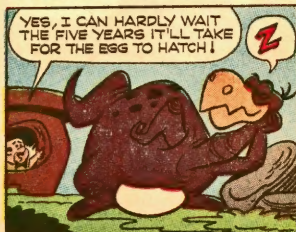
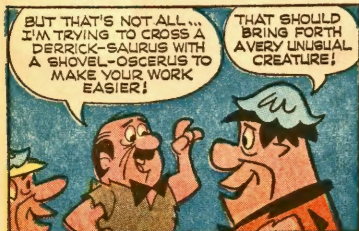
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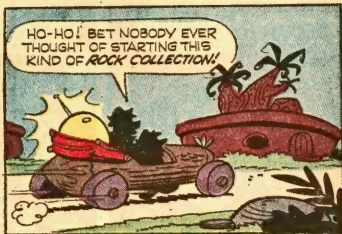
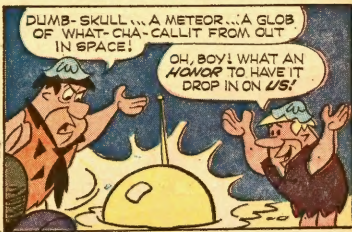
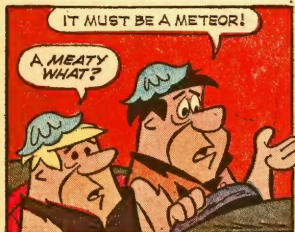
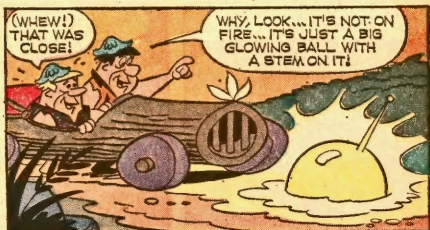
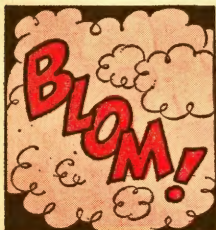
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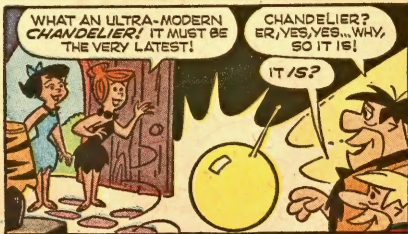
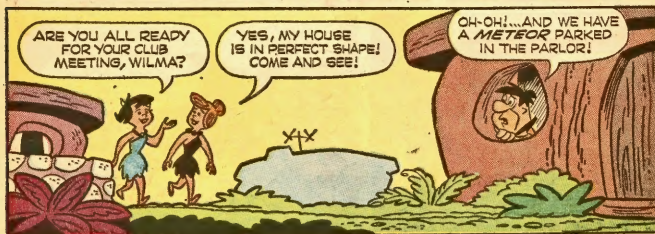
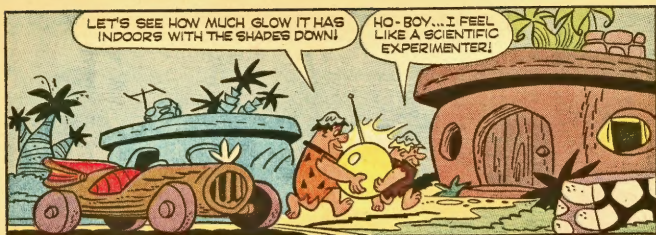
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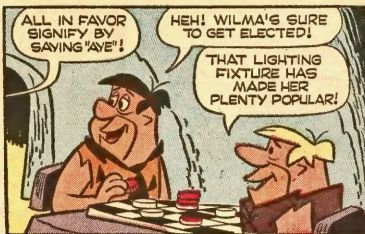
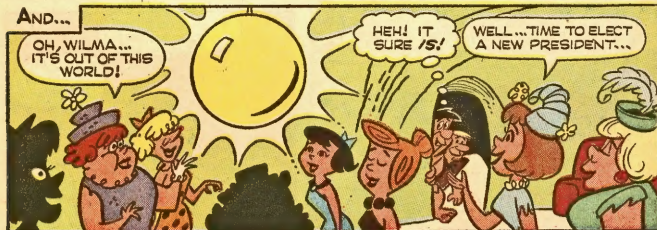
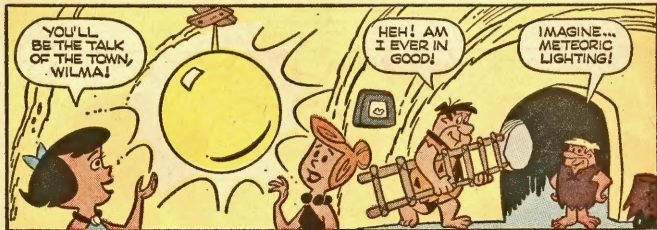


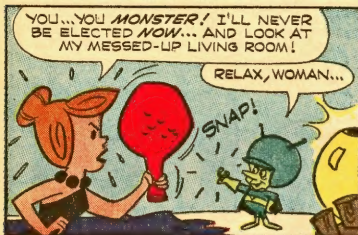
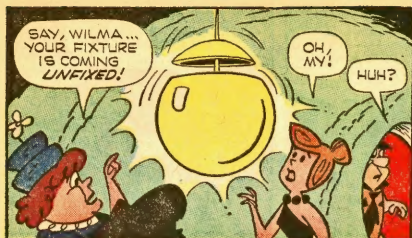




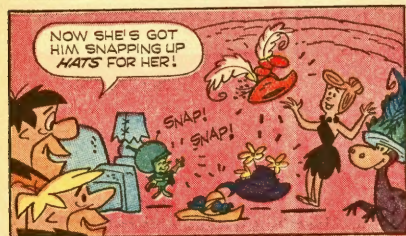
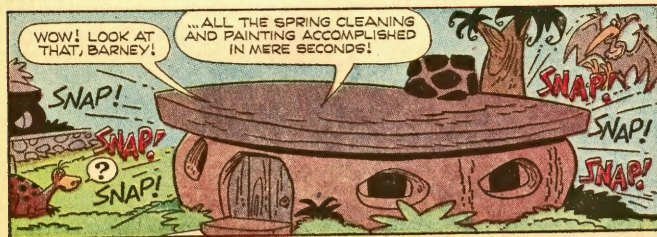
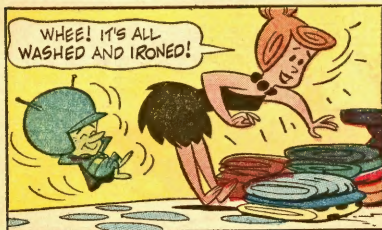


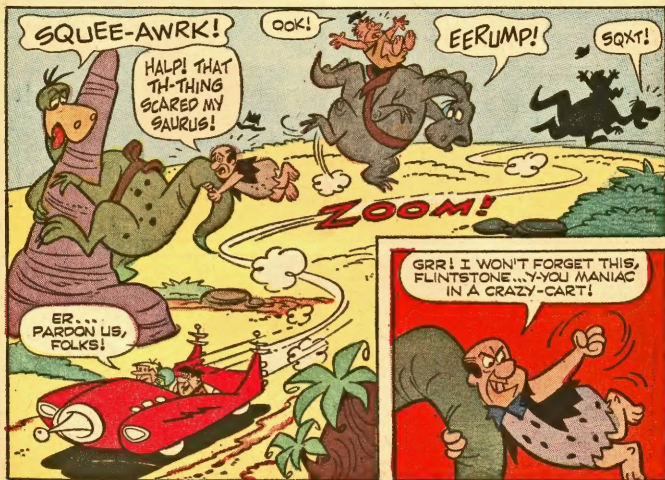
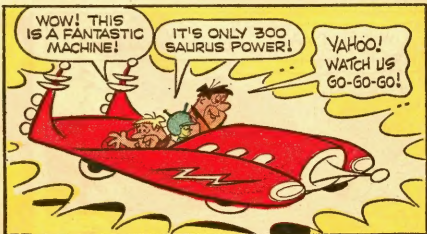
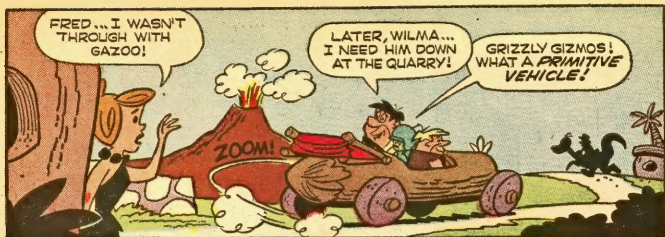






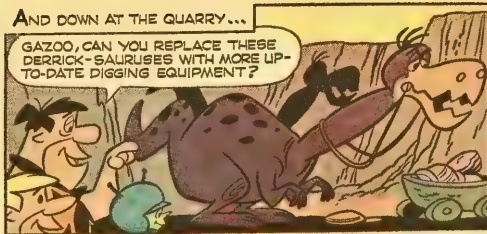






AND DOWN AT THE QUARRY...

GAZOO, CAN YOU REPLACE THESE DERRICK-SAURUSES WITH MORE UP-TO-DATE DIGGING EQUIPMENT?



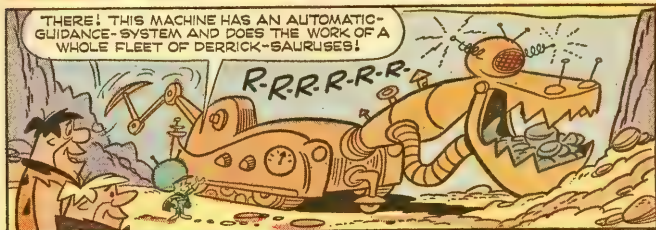
...AS EASY AS SNAPPING MY DIGITS, DEAR FLINTLING...

SNAP!



THERE! THIS MACHINE HAS AN AUTOMATIC-GUIDANCE-SYSTEM AND DOES THE WORK OF A WHOLE FLEET OF DERRICK-SAURUSES!

R-R-R-R-R-

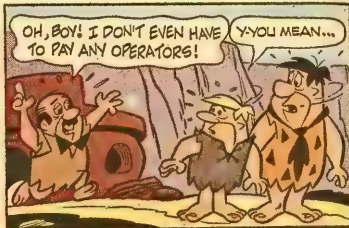


YAY! WE DON'T EVEN HAVE TO STEER IT!



OH, BOY! I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO PAY ANY OPERATORS!

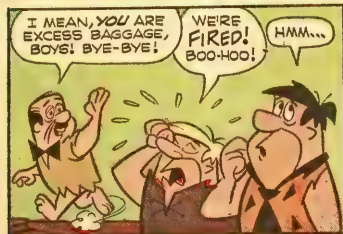
Y-YOU MEAN...



I MEAN, YOU ARE EXCESS BAGGAGE, BOYS! BYE-BYE!

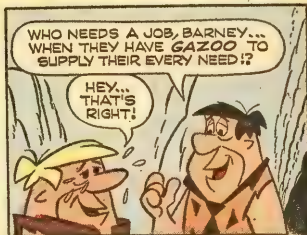
WE'RE FIRED! BOO-HOO!

HMM...



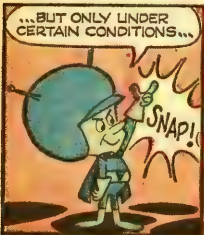
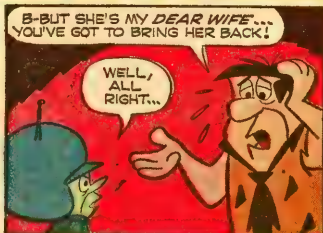
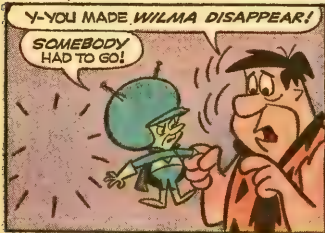
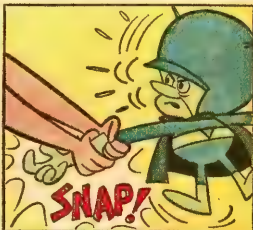
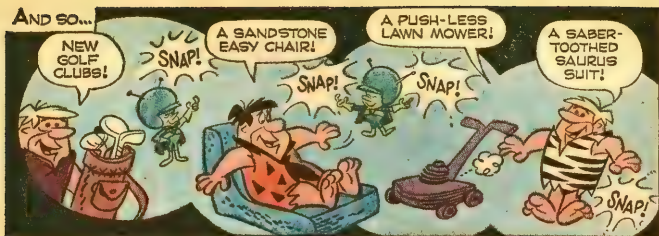
WHO NEEDS A JOB, BARNEY... WHEN THEY HAVE GAZOO TO SUPPLY THEIR EVERY NEED!?

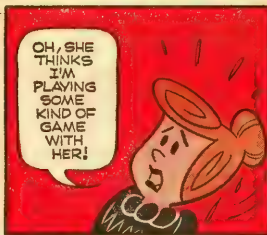
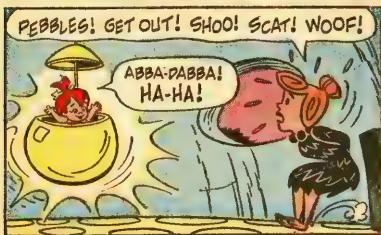
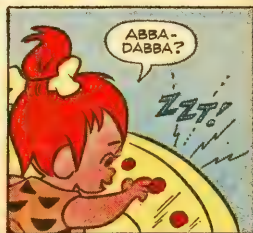
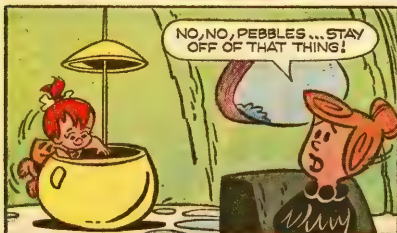
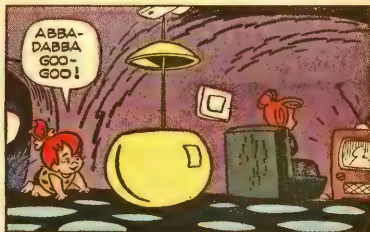
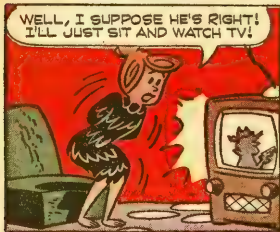
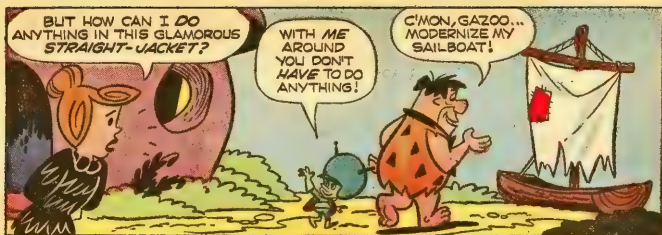
HEY... THAT'S RIGHT!

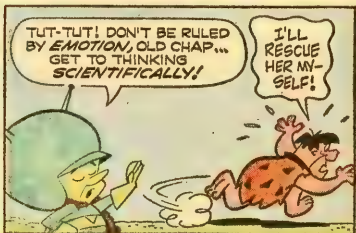
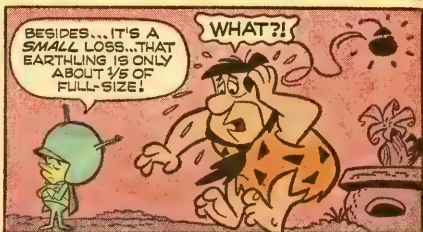
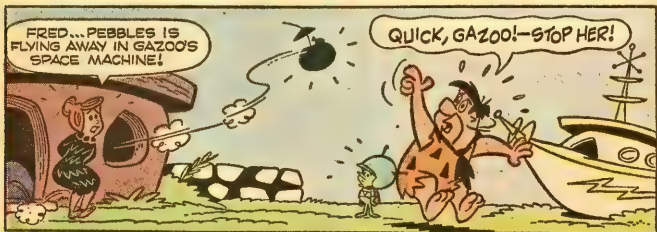
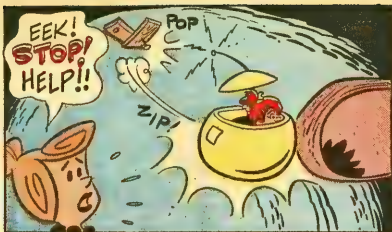
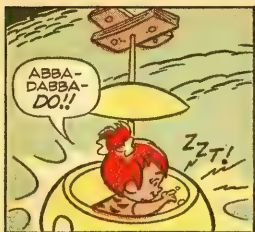




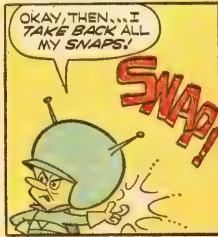
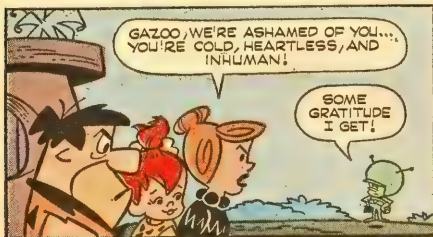
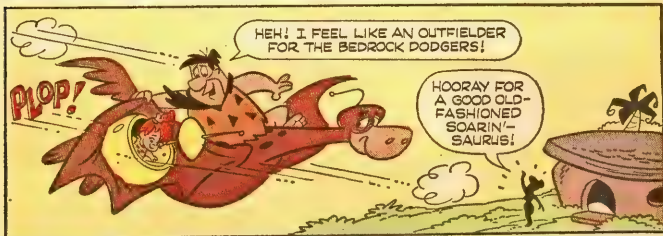
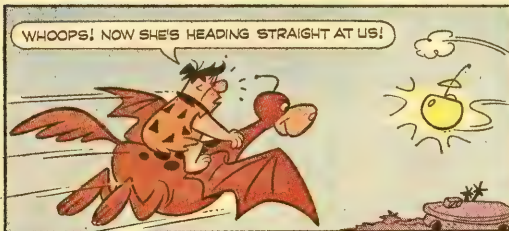
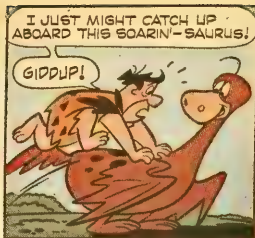
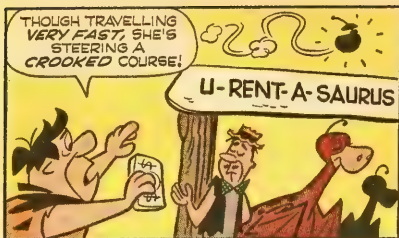
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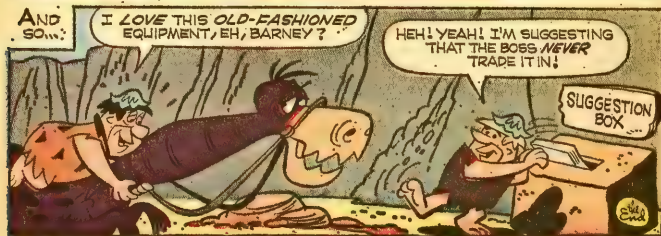
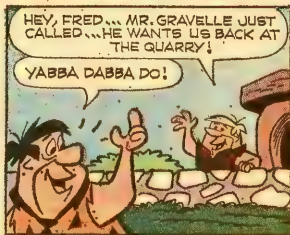
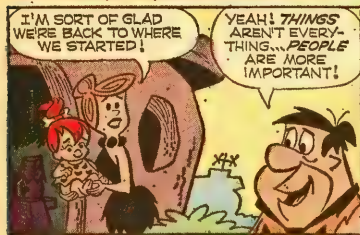
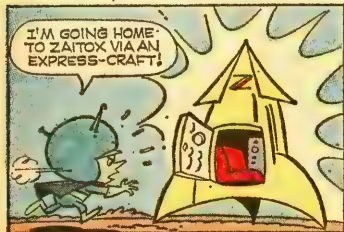
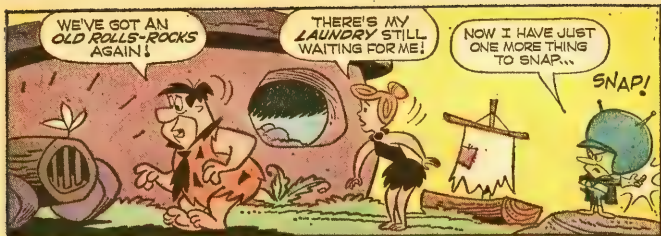


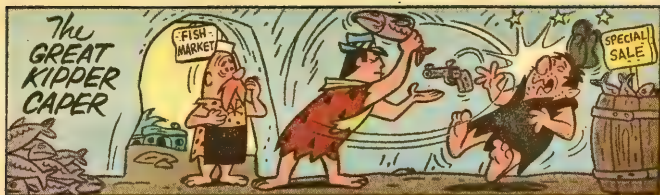












Perry Gunnite had a craving for excitement, but since jobs were scarce, he decided to take care of this craving by eating something, and by eating it right away!

"Hmm, what I crave is something salty," he said to himself. "Something like peanuts. I think I'll go buy some right now!"

So, down he went to the store and bought his peanuts, but they failed to satisfy his craving. "Must be cheap salt they are using," he grumbled.

Then, as he passed a fish market, he saw a sign in the window.

"That's it!" he thought. "Kippered herring will do the job. Nothing is saltier than that! I will buy a pound."

But when Perry tried to buy a pound of the kippered herring, the proprietor answered, "I am sorry, sir, but I only sell it by the barrel. And since this is a special sale, you better buy it fast. Besides, I only have one barrel left."

What could Perry do? He wanted something salty in the worst way, so he decided to buy the whole barrel of kippered herring.

Just as he was about to pay for it, a man burst into the store.

"I want to buy that barrel!" he yelled.

"Wait a minute!" said Perry. "I had dibs on it, and I'm paying for it now!"

"So am I!" snapped the man. "With THIS!"

With that, he whipped out a gun, grabbed the barrel of kippered herring under his arm, and ran out of the store.

"And don't either of you move for five minutes — or else!" was the bandit's final admonition.

Five minutes passed. Perry and the proprietor lowered their arms.

"Well, I guess I can take off after that crook," said Perry grimly.

"How would you pick up his trail?" asked the proprietor. "He could have covered an awful lot of territory in five minutes."

"Easy!" replied Perry. "The trail of kippered herring is very simple to follow! I've got a nose for it!"

In no time, Perry traced the trail to an old building at the edge of town. Sure enough, there was the bandit opening the barrel of herring.

"Hold it!" shouted Perry, as he broke in through the door. "You're under arrest."

Then Perry remembered something rather important. He didn't have a gun — but the bandit did!

"Game's up!" said the bandit.

"Who are you, anyway?" demanded Perry, as he threw up his hands. "Why did you go to the trouble of stealing that herring?"

"Name's Cooper, copper!" said the thug. "And this barrel is loaded with smuggled diamonds. So, say your last words!"

"May I have just one herring before you pull the trigger?" pleaded Perry.

"Sure!" said Cooper. "This is your last kipper, copper, and this is the last caper for Cooper. Those diamonds in that barrel will keep me on easy street for life!"

Cooper handed a kipper to Perry, who, in a flash belted the crook across the face and grabbed his gun!

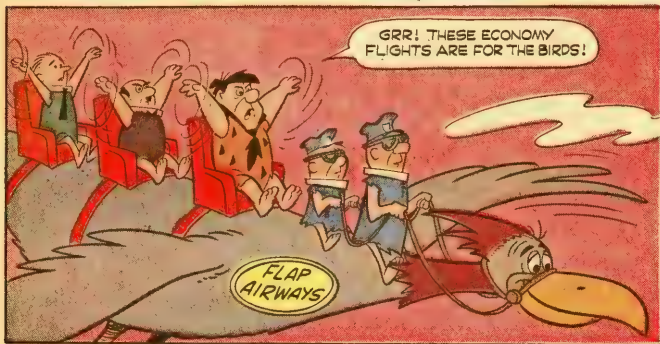
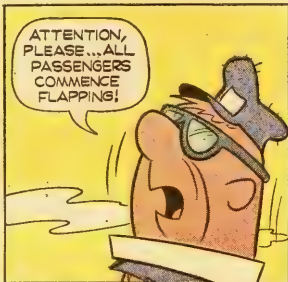
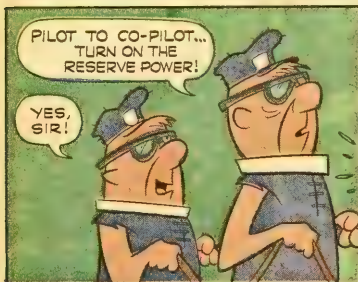
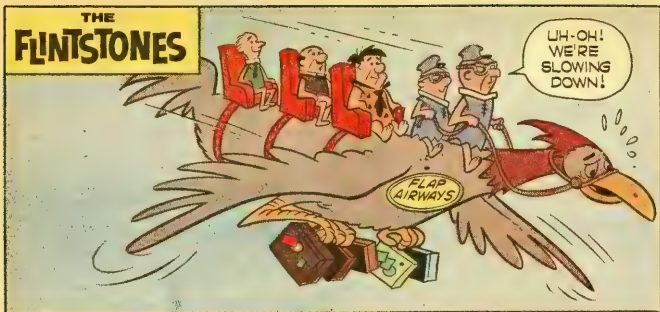
"Here's the capper, Cooper!" Perry said sternly. "You're really under arrest now!"

Later, back at his office, Perry all of a sudden felt that same craving for something salty. He thought for a moment.

"I've had all the excitement I need for one day," he decided. "And I've had all the kippers I want, too. Maybe I'd just better settle for peanuts . . . they'll be salty enough I am sure. Yes, I'm sure of that!"



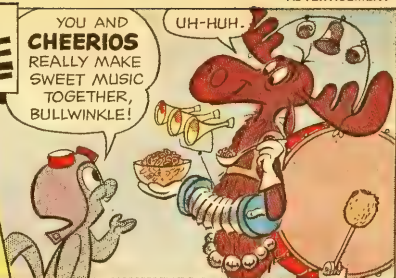
# THE FLINTSTONES



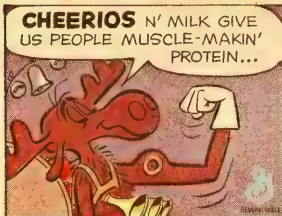
# ROCKY and BULLWINKLE

YOU AND  
**CHEERIOS**  
REALLY MAKE  
SWEET MUSIC  
TOGETHER,  
BULLWINKLE!

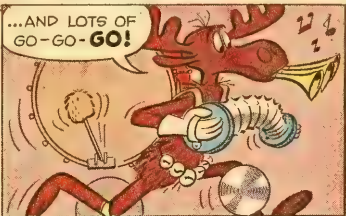
UH-HUH.



**CHEERIOS** N' MILK GIVE  
US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN'  
PROTEIN...

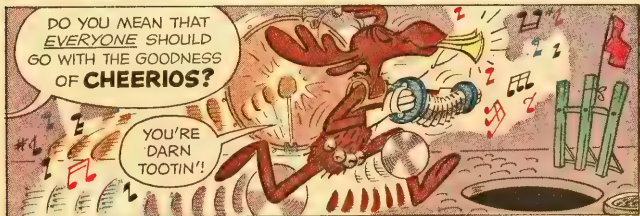


...AND LOTS OF  
GO-GO-GO!

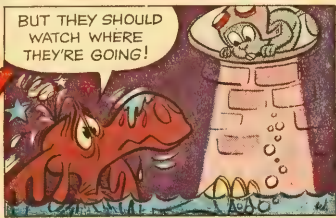
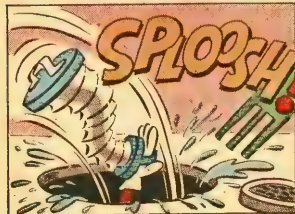


DO YOU MEAN THAT  
EVERYONE SHOULD  
GO WITH THE GOODNESS  
OF **CHEERIOS**?

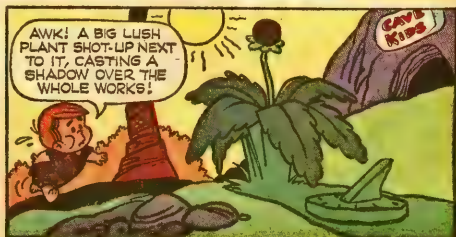
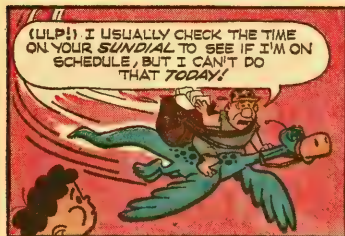
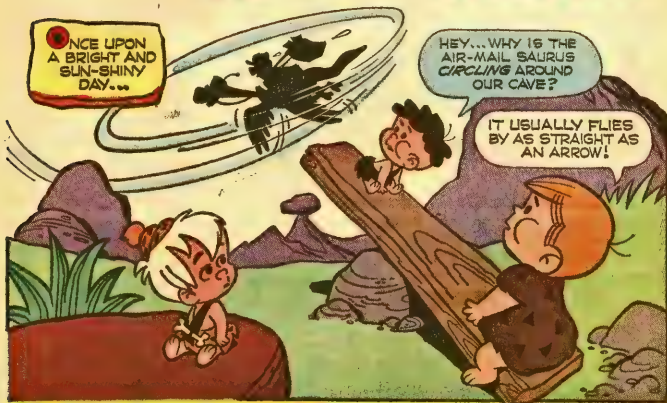
YOU'RE  
DARN  
TOOTIN'!



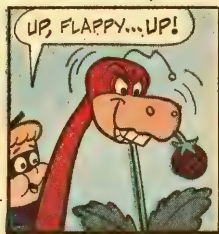
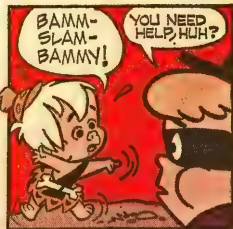
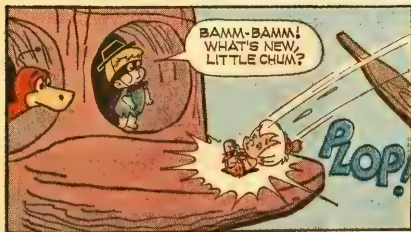
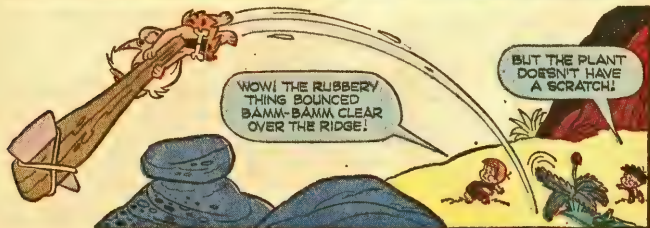
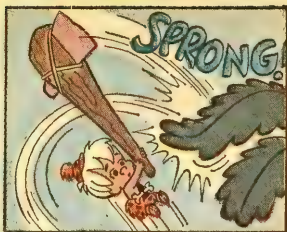
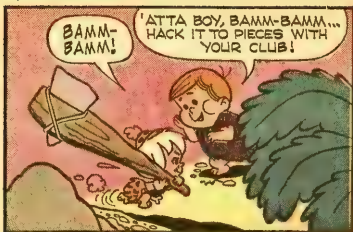
BUT THEY SHOULD  
WATCH WHERE  
THEY'RE GOING!

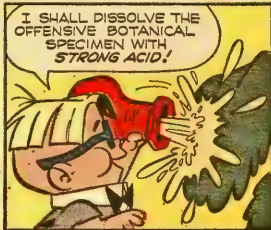
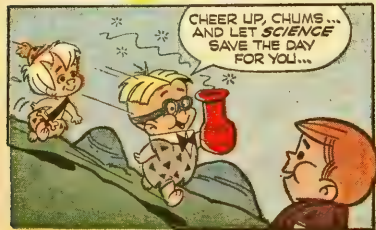
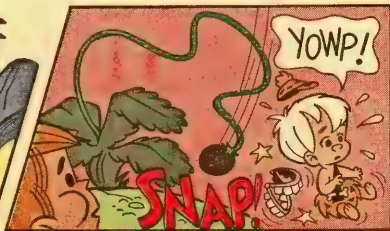
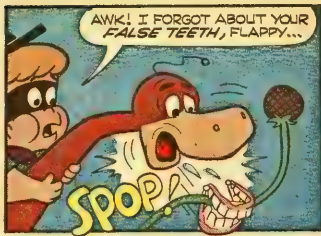


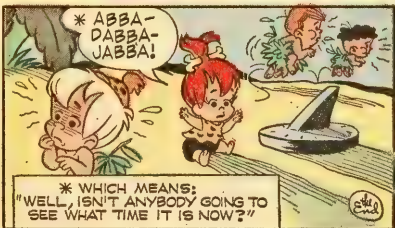
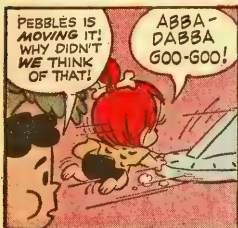
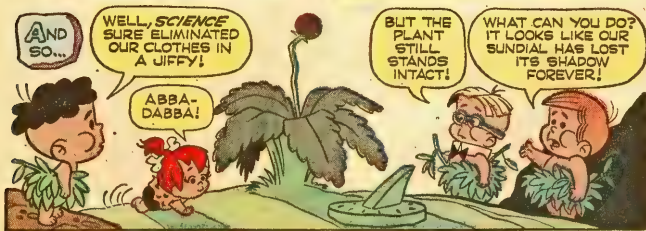
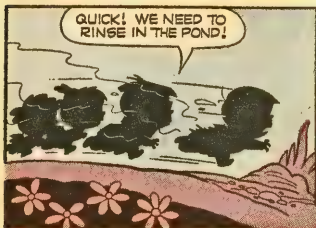
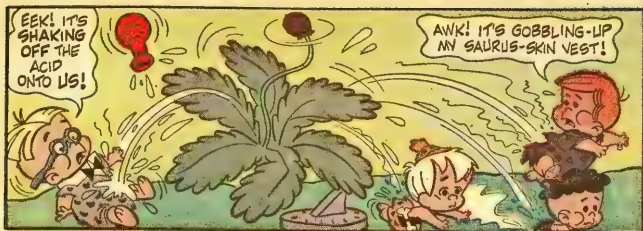
# THE LOST SHADOW













Hanna-Barbera

# THE FLINTSTONES

## MATADOR FOR A DAY



WINTER HAS DRAGGED ON THIS YEAR FOR THE FLINTSTONES...

I WISH SNOW AND SIDEWALKS HAD NEVER BEEN INVENTED!

IT'S SO GLOOMY! WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE SUN FOR DAYS!

CRACK!

AND WHILE ON HIS WAY TO BUY ANOTHER SNOW SHOVEL...

TRAVEL AGENCY

OH, TO BASK IN THE HOT SUN ABOUT NOW!

FLY and SIGH! to SUNNY COSTA ROCCA

SAY... THAT'S NOT AT ALL IMPOSSIBLE...

AND SO...

WILMA... I'M TAKING MY VACATION NOW! WE'RE GOING TO FLY SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER!

...TO COSTA ROCCA... LAND OF SUNSHINE AND HORN-A-SAURUS FIGHTING!

VIVA THE FLINTSTONES!

AND ONLY A FEW  
HOURS LATER...

OH, THE FLIGHT WAS  
LOVELY, AND SO IS SUNNY  
COSTA ROCCA!

AH-H... FEEL  
THAT HOT SUN  
BEAT DOWN  
ON US!



BUT NEARBY, A DIFFERENT  
COMMENTARY ON THE  
WEATHER...

BAH! I AM FED-UP WEETH  
THE HOT SUN BEATING DOWN  
ON ME!



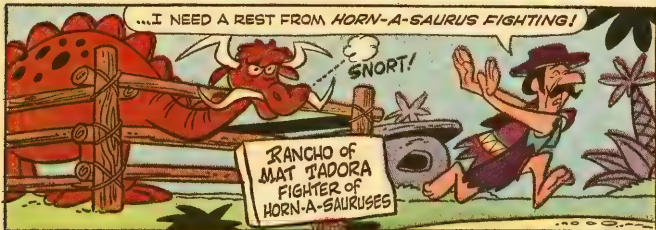
... AND MY WORK ALSO  
GEEVES ME A PAIN...



...I NEED A REST FROM HORN-A-SAURUS FIGHTING!

SNORT!

RANCHO OF  
MAT TADORA  
FIGHTER OF  
HORN-A-SAURUSES



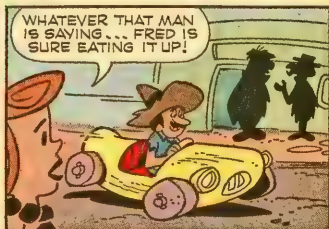
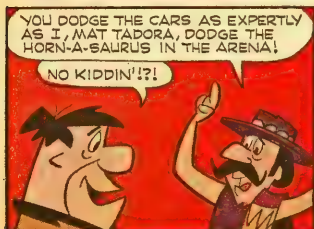
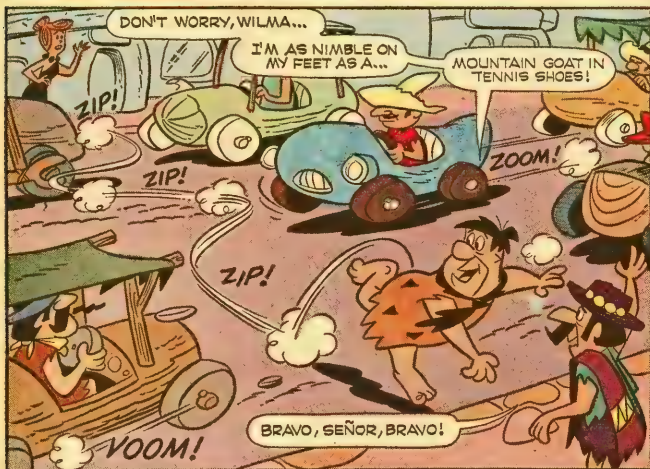
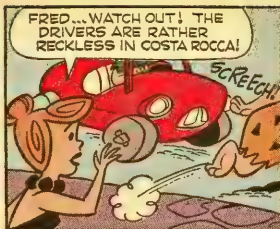
BUT HOW CAN THE BEST HORN-A-  
SAURUS FIGHTER EEN ALL OF COSTA  
ROCCA TAKE A VACATION?... THERE  
EES NO ONE EQUAL TO TAKE MY  
PLACE!



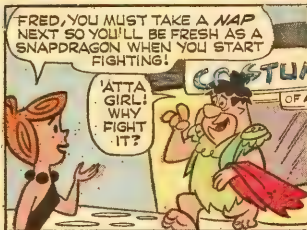
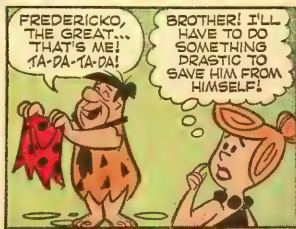
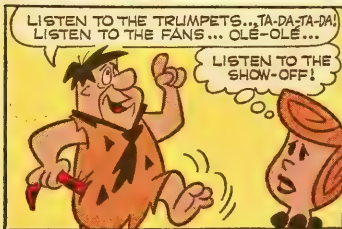
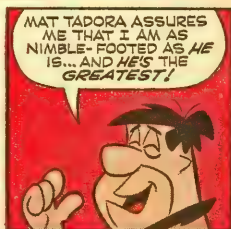
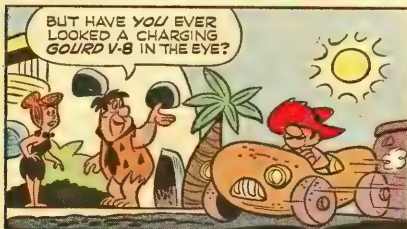
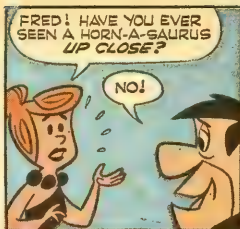
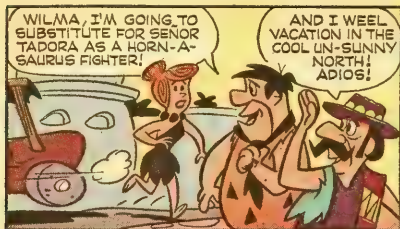
I WEEL GO DOWNTOWN TO  
CHECK ONCE MORE WEETH THE  
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE!



WHILE DOWNTOWN...



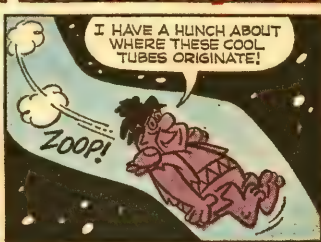
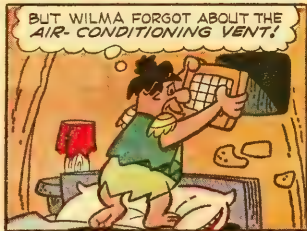
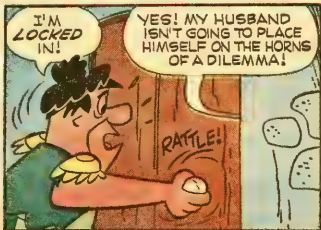




SO, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM...



AND SO...



AND SOON...

YEP! A CAVE THAT CATCHES  
THE COOL OCEAN WINDS!

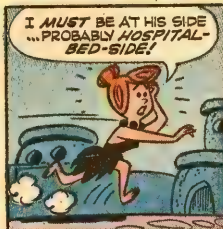
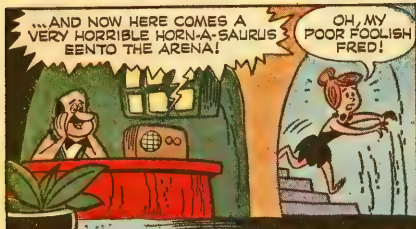
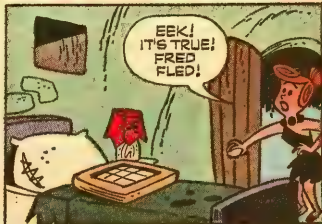
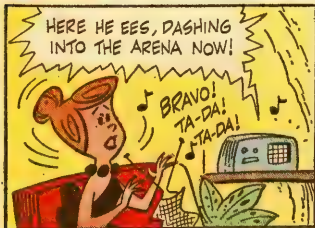
COSTA  
ROCCA  
CITY



AND BACK IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...

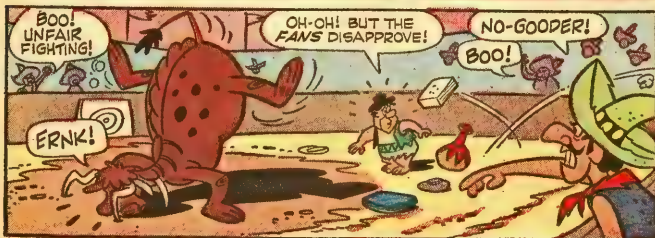
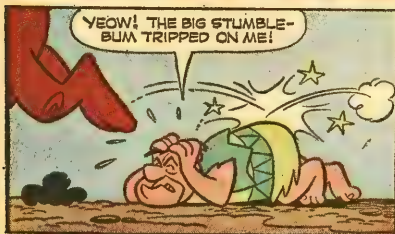
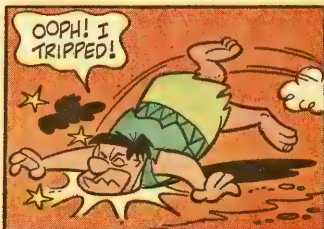
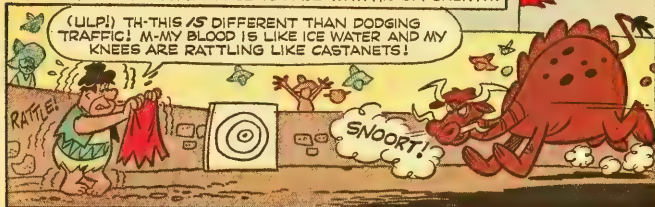
HALLO, HORN-A-SAURUS FIGHT FANS!  
THEES WEEK A VISITING FIGHTER,  
SENIOR FLEENTSTONE, IS WEETH US!

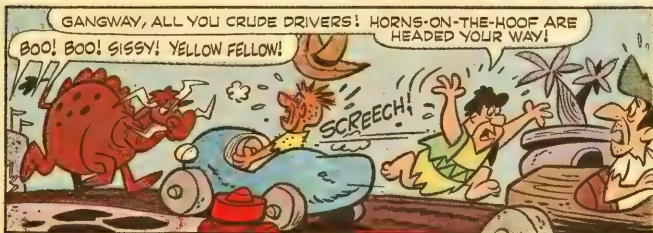
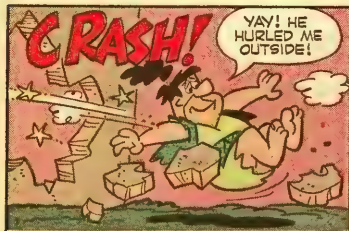
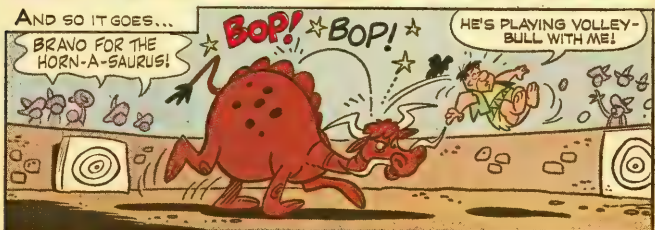
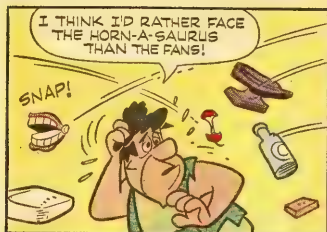
THAT'S  
WHAT HE  
THINKS!

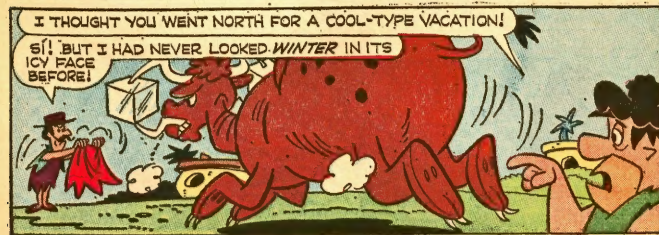




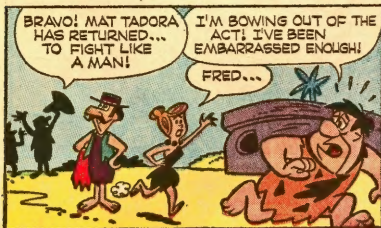
AND WHEN FRED COMES FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OPPONENT...



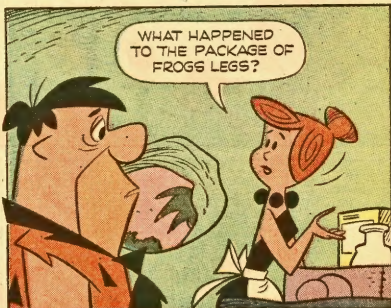








Hanna-Barbera  
THE  
**FLINTSTONES**



# The Flintstones

GRAB YOUR BOWLING BALL, BARN!

SURE, FRED, BUT WHAT'S THE RUSH?

I JUST HEARD THEY GOT A NEW AUTOMATIC PIN SETTER AT THE BOWLING ALLEY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IT!

WOW! HOW ABOUT THAT!

NEAT! REAL NEAT!

# The Flintstones

I HAVEN'T HEARD A PEEP OUT OF PEBBLES!

SHE MUST BE ASLEEP!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SNEAK OUT!

THIS IS ONE TIME SHE WON'T FOLLOW ME TO BAND PRACTICE!